Congratulatory Poem

TO

Her Royal Highness:

Upon the Arrival of Their ROYAL HIGHNESS's In *ENGLAND*, *May* the 27th. 1682.

Dic quæ majora canamus?

GAy Spring, thou happy ſeaſon of deſire,
So warm'd, ſo Bleſt with a Majeſtick Fire;
Sure careful Nature, ne'r could thee have crown'd
With more Indulgent Graces, then are found
Luxuriant now in *England's* Peaceful Breaſt,
Whil'ſt there *Three Mighty Kingdoms Care* does reſt.
Bleſt Pair! (ſo juſtly now you ſeem to be)
Freed from cold *North*, and faithleſs winding Sea;
Your gentle Veſſel, with a Princ-elike Pride,
Stately on truſty Tides may calmly ride:
No lofty Billows here reſtrain'd do rage,
Or fatal tenth Wave threaten to ingage
With Your guilt Barge, which can e'n aſſwage.
All pow'rfull *Neptune*, how e'r ſo rough before,
Smooths his curl'd brow, and fairly greets the ſhoar;
His briniſh Rage flows ſweetly into Love,
Whil'ſt on his yielding Back Your Graces move.
See how his nimble Off-ſpring round You play,
In Luxury of Joy they waſte the day.
Each Silver Eye Your flying Sails does trace,
Each *Beam* ſeems greedy of Your Charming Face:
All things grow ſweet in Natures tender *Spring*.
To Loyal Subjects hearts You gladneſs bring:
Luſtre to all, and quiet to the *KING*.
Hence dull *Phanaticks*, ſeeming Virtuous Souls,
Quaffing *Sedition* off in high-froth'd *Bowles*:
To *Satan's Cloſet* haſte, your Paradice,
Our joys you cannot taſte, but in diſguiſe.
Hence fly, no more by *Shamming Methods* try
To Raze *HIS* Virtue 'mongſt Poſterity.
Hail thou fair *ALBION*! happy *Thou*
Who *Ages* Frowns, nor *Winters* ſeem ſt to know,
Whil'ſt no dull Care ſits heavy on *Thy Brow*.
Thrice happy *Thou*, the Glory of a *Crown*,
(Whoſe daring Courage beats the *Faction* down,)

Secure

*EB65. A1000. 682 c.

Secure is lodg'd within *Thy* deareſt Arms,
And every *Muſe* grows big with Noble Charms.
A *Fanning Gale* in *Tuneful Reeds* does play,
And humbly ſalutes this welcom Day;
Old *Thames*, now charm'd by no *Rebellious Song*,
With eaſie Pride glides youthfully along:
The Neighbouring *Youth* in Joy their Senſes ſteep,
With *Songs* they huſh all drowzy Care aſleep.
In diſtant *Ecchoes* ſounds your wiſh'd RETURN,
Trembling with Joy, each *Muſe* inſpir'd does run
To Great *APOLLO*, *Preſident of Verſe*,
To whom (in great Confuſion) they rehearſe
YOU Both Arriv'd; The God's harmonious *Breaſt*
With ſofting Airs is inſtantly poſſeſs'd;
His *Raviſh'd Soul* ſuch joy of you invades
As did the *Thracian Youth*, when from the Shades
Orpheus return'd, where his *Euridice*
From hidden Sorrows Anguiſh is not free;
A *Lovely Paſſion* each to other lent,
Such as *your Matchleſs Souls* do repreſent.
Unhappy they, through Fate o'r-ruling Life;
Hope falſe did prove, and threw down joy with grief.
Grant, *God of Love*, that no regardleſs *Face*
Suffer theſe Joys to have ſo ſhort a date;
Joy due to *your Return*, our Iſland Crowns;
At *your Bright Preſence* Envy ſhrowds her Frowns;
A willing Proſelyte after YOU ſhe goes,
Charm'd, at YOUR Feet her ſelf a *Proſtrate* throws;
Shining like *Heav'ns Bright Queen*, ſublimes *our Seas*;
Than *You* our *Courts* ſcarce feel a gentler heat.
Grace, mix'd with *Majeſty*, in *Your Face* appears;
YOU ſeem to entertain no *Barren Cares*.
FERTILE as Earth, Your *Beauty* does relieve
Each *Fainting Soul*, Your *Royal Bed* does give
New *Peaceful Glories*, and our *HOPES* Revive.
Fair *Cyprian Queen*, all Rage ſee you confine;
Let your ſoft Arms about our *Princeſs* twine;
Timely preſent to our impatient ſight
The INFANT PRINCE, bleſt *Natures* ſole delight.
Such are our wiſhes due to Heav'n-born *Grace*,
To YOU, and to Great *Cæſar's* Princely Race.

Vivat Io! CAROLUS, *magni quoq; Gloria FRATRIS*,
Ah! ſero ſubveant jura ſevera necis. Per *C. A.*

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